

SPAWN[®]

The cover art features the character Spawn in a dynamic pose, looking back over his shoulder. He has long, flowing white hair and a green eye patch. He wears a blue and black tactical suit with a large, ornate gold collar. He is holding a large, curved, silver blade with a glowing orange flame at its tip. In the background, a large, dark, winged figure with glowing blue eyes looms. The overall color palette is dominated by blues, blacks, and golds, with a dark, atmospheric background.

154



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM

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SPAWN 153 SUMMARY:

Spawn survives the tortures of hell and learns that he is not just Al Simmons but shares his existence with many other souls. He is definitely not just another Hellspawn. It also seems Wanda's twins are not just another couple of average kids... but what exactly are they?



TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS
SPAWN.COM



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MANHATTAN.



ON THE ROOF OF SAM BURKE'S APARTMENT, A DEAD BOY STANDS IN THE RAIN.



IS HE OKAY?

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

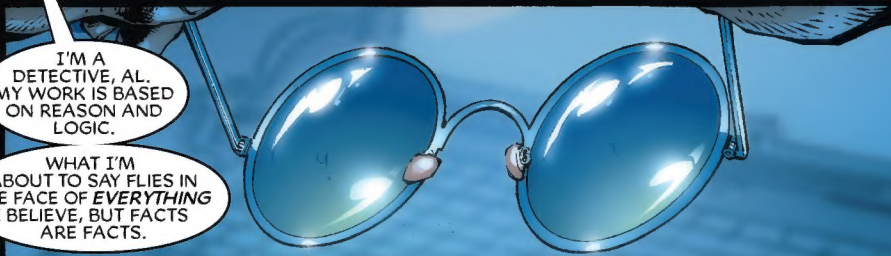
THEY TOLD HIM IF HE WAS GOOD, HE'D GO TO HEAVEN WHEN HE DIED.

I DID SOME TERRIBLE THINGS IN MY LIFE SAM...



...BUT THAT POOR KID...

...WHAT DID HE EVER DO TO DESERVE THIS?



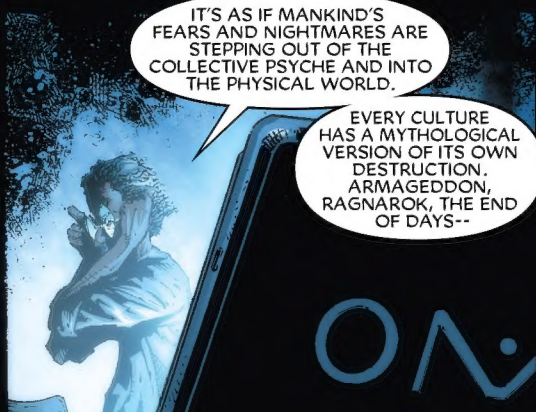
I'M A
DETECTIVE, AL.
MY WORK IS BASED
ON REASON AND
LOGIC.

WHAT I'M
ABOUT TO SAY FLIES IN
THE FACE OF **EVERYTHING**
I BELIEVE, BUT FACTS
ARE FACTS.



I'VE BEEN
TRACKING
THE LIVE NEWS
FEEDS AND THESE
BIZARRE EVENTS
ARE OCCURRING
ALL OVER THE
WORLD.

**WEREWOLVES,
VAMPIRES, DEMONIC
POSSESSION.**



IT'S AS IF MANKIND'S
FEARS AND NIGHTMARES ARE
STEPPING OUT OF THE
COLLECTIVE PSYCHE AND INTO
THE PHYSICAL WORLD.

EVERY CULTURE
HAS A MYTHOLOGICAL
VERSION OF ITS OWN
DESTRUCTION.
ARMAGEDDON,
RAGNAROK, THE END
OF DAYS--



YOU'RE
TELLING ME
THIS IS THE
END OF THE
WORLD?
THAT'S OLD
NEWS.

I PREVENTED
THE APOCALYPSE
BEFORE, I'LL DO
IT AGAIN...

YOU CAN'T BE
EVERYWHERE
AT ONCE, AL.

HE'S RIGHT. IT'S BIGGER
THIS TIME. I CAN FEEL IT
COMING LIKE A TSUNAMI.

I'LL NEED ALL THE
HELP I CAN GET.

SAM.
BRING
CHRIS IN
HERE.



WHAT'S IT LIKE IN THERE, CHRIS? YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN TELL ME.

WHAT'S IT LIKE INSIDE MY HEAD?

IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN. IT'S KIND A CROWDED. YOU HAVE A LOT OF PEOPLE IN THERE.



I THINK THEY'VE BEEN IN THERE A LONG TIME...

SINCE MALEBOLGIA FIRST RAISED ME, THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN VOICES, WHISPERING IN THE DARK.

MAN OF MIRACLES SAID I SHOULD LISTEN TO THEM, BUT WHEN I TRY, ALL I HEAR IS NOISE...



SOMETIMES IT SOUNDS LIKE INSECTS, RIGHT NOW IT'S LIKE A CROWD OF LUNATICS, ALL BABBLING IN A DIFFERENT LANGUAGE.



THEY'RE **CONFUSED**. THEY DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE.

THEY'RE LOST IN THE DARK, WAITING TO BE SHOWN THE WAY OUT.



CHRIS, WHEN YOU FOUND ME, YOU BROUGHT THEM OUT. SOMEHOW, YOU SUMMONED THEM.

COULD YOU DO IT AGAIN?

I THINK SO...



...YES.



FOR YEARS, HEAVEN AND HELL HAVE BEEN TRYING TO RECRUIT ME FOR THEIR SICK FEUD.

I THOUGHT MY ONLY CHOICE WAS TO PICK A SIDE OR WALK AWAY.

NOT ANY MORE. I'M NOT GOING TO STAND ASIDE WHILE THEY CARVE UP THE WORLD BETWEEN THEM.

THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT THE PEOPLE THEY HURT... ONLY THE BODY COUNT OF SOULS THEY EACH RACK UP.

WELL, THERE'S A THIRD FORCE IN THIS WAR, NOW.

AND, EVERY TIME THEY TURN AROUND, I'LL BE THERE WAITING FOR THEM.

GIVE ME THE LIST, MAX. WHERE SHOULD I BE GOING?

A LOT OF THESE ARE MINOR EVENTS. LOCAL AUTHORITIES ARE DEALING WITH THEM, BUT THERE ARE A COUPLE THAT LOOK LIKE SERIOUS TROUBLE...

MULTIPLE DEATHS IN WEST BENGAL

WE'VE GOT REPORTS OF MASS SLAUGHTER IN NORTHERN INDIA. EYEWITNESSES ARE TALKING ABOUT KALI, THE GODDESS OF DEATH.

BEFORE YOU GET TO THAT, YOU MIGHT WANT TO CHECK OUT THIS UNCONFIRMED REPORT FROM TENNESSEE.

APPARENTLY, THE DEAD ARE RISING FROM THEIR GRAVES.

JOSHUA CREEK, TENNESSEE.

OH GOD,
OH GOD,
OH GOD.

EMMA-LOU?
IT'S ME. JESSE.

ARE YOU
IN THERE?

OH THANK
CHRIST! THE TOWN'S GONE
CRAZY. SOME KIND'A
MANIACS, HIGH ON SOME
SHIT, BURNIN' AND LOOTIN'
AND KILLIN'...

EMMA-LOU?
ANSWER ME,
DARLIN'.

ARE YOU
OKAY?



JESSE!

WELL
NOW, I
MIGHT'A
KNOWN
YOU'D COME
SNIFFIN'
AROUND.

B-B-
**BILLY-
BOB?!**

IN THE
FLESH.

WHUT'S
LEFT OF
IT...

IT'S A
BITCH BEING
DEAD. CAN'T
EVEN GET
DRUNK...

...AND
LORD
KNOWS,
I'VE BEEN
TRYIN'.

CAN'T
EVEN
TASTE
THE
DAMNED
WHISKY.

I BLAME
YOU FOR THIS,
JESSE. EMMA-LOU
WOULD 'A NEVER
SENT ME OUT THAT
NIGHT I GOT
MYSELF KILLED, IF
IT WASN'T FOR
YOU!

DON'T
BOTHR
DENYIN' IT.
EMMA-LOU
ALREADY
CONFERSED
YOU WAS
JUMPIN' HER
BONES.

Ukk-
kuk-

OH, I'VE
FORGIVEN
HER, ALREADY.
I COULDN'T STAY
MAD WITH MY
SWEET EMMA-
LOU.

NOT
AFTER I
KILLED
HER AN'
ALL.

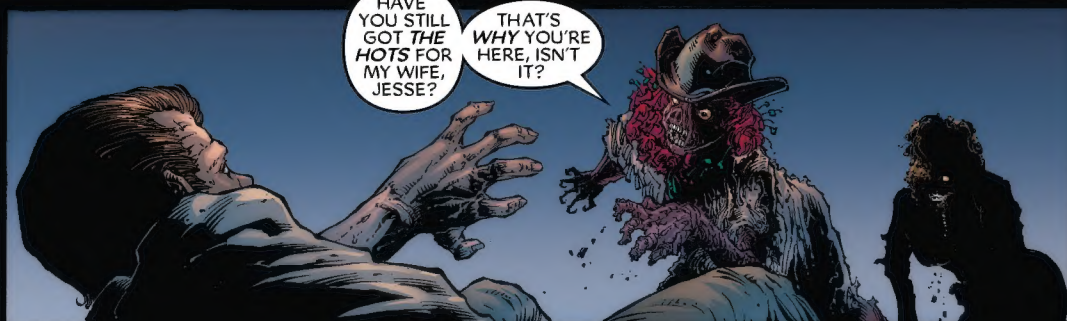


YOU
ALWAYS
DID HAVE
A TEMPER
ON YA,
HONEY.



HAVE
YOU STILL
GOT *THE*
HOTS FOR
MY WIFE,
JESSE?

THAT'S
WHY YOU'RE
HERE, ISN'T
IT?

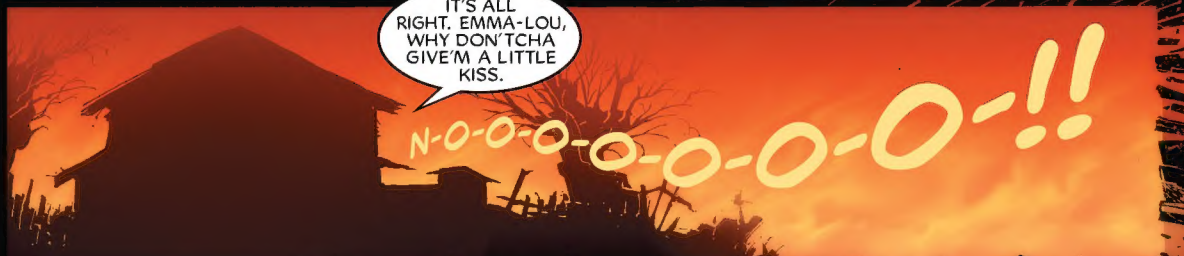


I'M SORRY.
PUH-PLEASE...



IT'S ALL
RIGHT, EMMA-LOU,
WHY DON'TCHA
GIVE'M A LITTLE
KISS.

N-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-!!



MY NAME
IS HIROSHI
KITAMURA.

I DO NOT
REMEMBER
MY LIFE.

I REMEMBER ONLY THAT I
AM SWORN TO PROTECT THE
HONOR OF MY FAMILY...

...AND OF
MY GRAND-
DAUGHTER,
KUMIKO.

FOR MANY
YEARS I
HAVE
WANDERED
THROUGH
THIS
DARKNESS,
FOLLOWING
KUMIKO.

NO MATTER
HOW FAST,
OR SLOWLY
I WALK, I
ALWAYS
REMAIN THE
SAME
DISTANCE
BEHIND HER.

SHE
DOES
NOT
TURN OR
ANSWER
WHEN I
CALL TO
HER.

ALL
THESE
YEARS
AND I HAVE
NEVER
ONCE
SEEN
HER
FACE.

NOW AT
LAST, THERE
IS LIGHT
IN THE
DARKNESS.

NOW AT LAST
I SHALL WAKE
FROM THIS
NIGHTMARE...



AAARRGH!!

AN OLD MAN
AND A YOUNG
GIRL? DID CHRIS
GET IT RIGHT?

KUMIKO!
WHAT
HAPPENED?
WHERE ARE
WE?

THE GAME!
THIS IS THE
ONE I'VE BEEN
TRAINING FOR
ISN'T IT?

A GAME? ALL RIGHT.
IF THAT'S THE WAY
SHE WANTS IT...

JUST
BE SURE
YOU WIN IT,
GIRL. THERE
WON'T BE ANY
RE-PLAYS
HERE.



YOUR
WEAPONS AND
COSTUME ARE FORMED
FROM NECROPLASM.
THEY ARE PARTIALLY
SENTIENT AND WILL
REACT TO YOUR
WISHES.



SO WHO
DO I HAVE TO
KILL? WHAT ARE
THE RULES?

NO
RULES.
JUST
WIN!



LOOK
DOWN
THERE.
THAT'S WHAT
YOU HAVE
TO KILL.

EVERY
LAST
ONE OF
THEM.



DOES SHE KNOW? DOES SHE HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT SHE IS?

I HAVE TO LEAVE YOU NOW. I'M NEEDED ELSE-WHERE.

CAN YOU DEAL WITH THIS?

HA! MY FIGHTING TECHNIQUE IS FLAWLESS.

WITH WEAPONS LIKE THESE, I'LL WIPE THE FLOOR WITH THOSE WALKING CORPSES.

MY HIGH SCORE ON ZOMBIE WIPEOUT HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED. IN THE VIDEO ARCADES OF TOKYO THEY CALL ME THE SLAYER!

KUMIKO! THIS IS NOT WHAT YOU THINK! THIS IS TOO DANGEROUS!

THEN STAY OUT OF IT OLD MAN!

KUMIKO!


SHE DOESN'T HESITATE. SHE'S A BORN WARRIOR. CHRIS WAS RIGHT TO SUMMON HER.

BUT THE OLD MAN...

DON'T WORRY, AL. I CAN'T SEE THEM BUT I KNOW...

KUMIKO, WAIT FOR ME!

SOMETIMES, YOU JUST HAVE TO HAVE FAITH...



SHE ACTS FROM PURE INSTINCT,
NEVER STOPPING TO ASK HERSELF
HOW SHE GOT TO THIS PLACE.

ALL SHE KNOWS IS THAT
SHE HAS BEEN ASLEEP FOR
A VERY LONG TIME, AND IT
FEELS GOOD TO BE ALIVE...

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!



KUMIKO,
I'M HERE.

FIVE SHOTS,
FIVE PERFECT
KILLS!

I DON'T
NEED YOU AND
YOUR RIDICULOUS
SWORD, OLD
MAN.



THIS KATANA
HAS BEEN IN OUR FAMILY
FOR GENERATIONS.

IT ONCE
BELONGED TO
THE GREAT
WARRIOR, ODA
NOBUNAGA
HIMSELF.



SPARE
ME THE STORY,
YOU'VE TOLD ME
A THOUSAND
TIMES.



THEY BATTLE, SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER, THE SEVENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD FIGHTS WITH THE ENERGY OF A YOUNG MAN, EMPLOYING THE TECHNIQUES HE HAS PRACTICED FOR A LIFETIME.

THIS IS WHAT HIROSHI HAS DREAMED OF. THE ANCIENT WAY OF BUSHIDO. THE GLORY, THE HONOR OF COMBAT.

AND YET, THERE IS NO PLEASURE IN IT. THESE SHAMBLING CORPSES ARE NOT WORTHY OPPONENTS.



GRANDFATHER! OVER THERE! THEY'RE TRYING TO GET INTO THAT CHURCH.

THERE MUST BE LIVING SURVIVORS INSIDE!



DELIVER US FROM OUR ENEMIES, OH LORD: DEFEND US FROM THEM THAT RISE UP AGAINST US.

DELIVER US FROM THE WORKERS OF INIQUITY, AND SAVE US FROM BLOODY MEN.



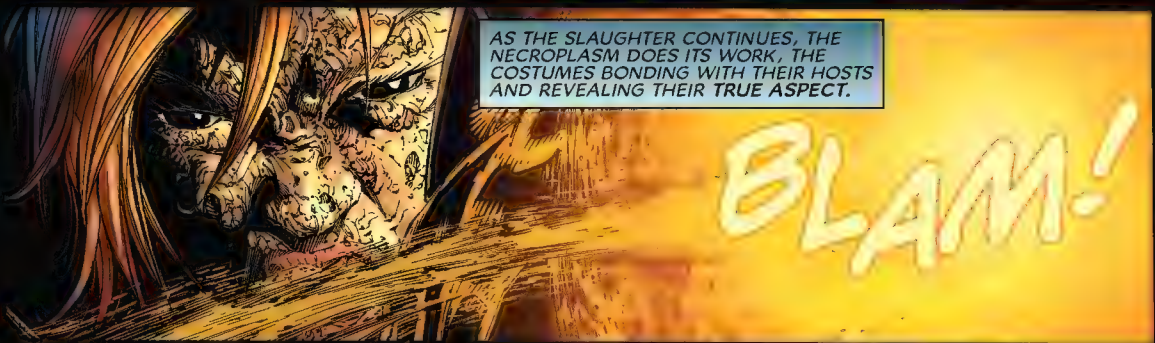
KUMIKO'S PISTOLS GROW HOT IN HER HANDS, FIRING A NEVER-ENDING STREAM OF NECROPLASMIC BULLETS.

BUT STILL THEY COME, AS IF ALL THE DEAD OF THE EARTH WERE SWARMING INTO JOSHUA CREEK.

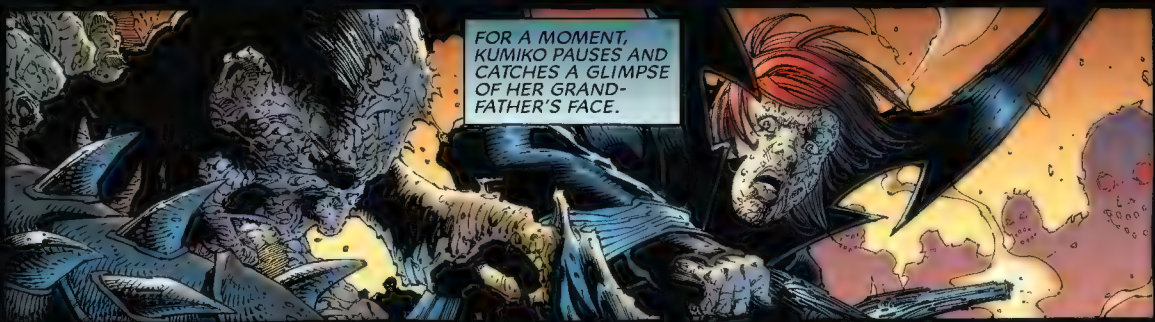




THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE SICKENING SOUND OF ROTTED FLESH, RIPPED FROM DESICCATED BONES.



AS THE SLAUGHTER CONTINUES, THE NECROPLASM DOES ITS WORK, THE COSTUMES BONDING WITH THEIR HOSTS AND REVEALING THEIR TRUE ASPECT.



FOR A MOMENT, KUMIKO PAUSES AND CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF HER GRANDFATHER'S FACE.



IN THAT MOMENT SHE IS NO LONGER THE SLAYER, AND THIS IS NO LONGER A GAME.

NO!



SHE IS A TERRIFIED YOUNG GIRL, WAKING TO FIND THAT THE WORLD HAS TURNED INTO A NIGHTMARE.

NOOOO!

HELP
ME!

HAI-YAAAA
AH

HE SWORE TO
PROTECT HER, BUT
AS HE LOOKS
DOWN AT KUMIKO,
HE KNOWS THAT
HE HAS ALREADY
FAILED...

THE STENCH OF
PUTREFACTION
HANGS HEAVY IN
THE AIR, AND IT
COMES NOT ONLY
FROM THESE
MONSTROUS
ANIMATED
CORPSES...

...BUT
ALSO FROM
KUMIKO'S
OWN DEAD
FLESH.

N-N-
NUH

WE CAN
TAKE
SHELTER
IN THAT
HOUSE.

AAAAHH!



PUH-
PLEASE...
FUH-FOR
GOD'S SAKE...
KUH-KILL
ME...

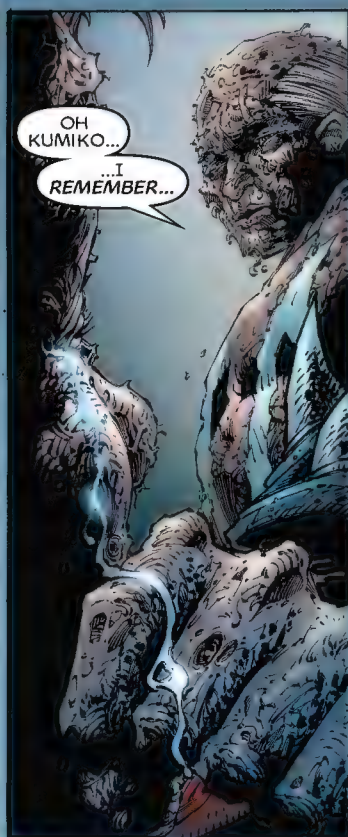


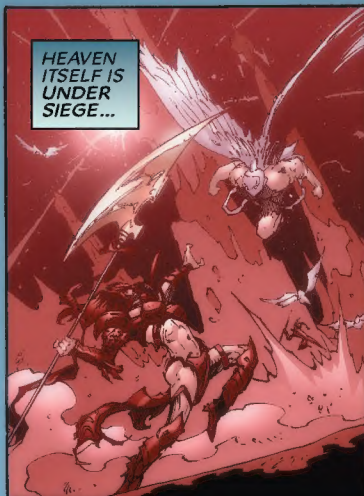
NO!
NOO!!

SHE
REMEMBERS...

BLOOD...

THE
BLOOD!








SISTERS,
THE ENEMY
IS AT THE
GATE.

OUR FORCES
CANNOT STAND
AGAINST THE
FORGOTTEN.



SOON
THE WALLS
WILL BE
BREACHED AND
ALL CREATION
WILL KNOW THE
TRUTH...



...THAT
GOD IS
NO LONGER
WITH US. WE
HAVE NO
LEADER.



NEVER
FEAR,
SISTERS.
YOU STILL
HAVE
ME.

THESE ARE
DESPERATE
TIMES.

IT
APPEARS
THAT I AM
YOUR ONLY
HOPE...

YOU!
WHAT
LUNATIC
SET YOU
FREE?

IF THE
FORGOTTEN
WANT TO TAKE THE
THRONE OF HEAVEN,
THEY'LL HAVE TO
COME THROUGH
ME...

ZERA,
QUEEN OF THE
SERAPHIM.



TO BE
CONTINUED





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE